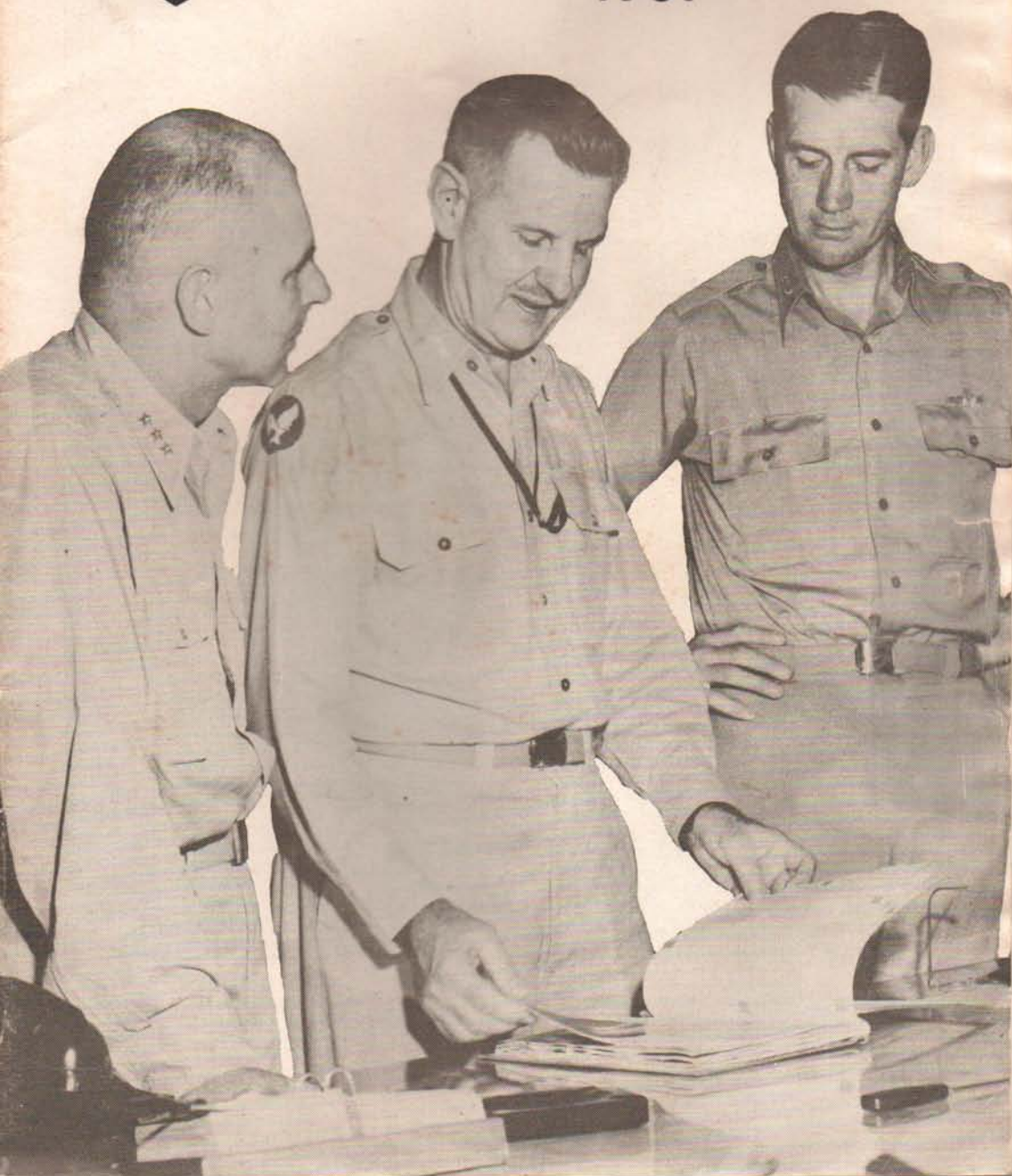




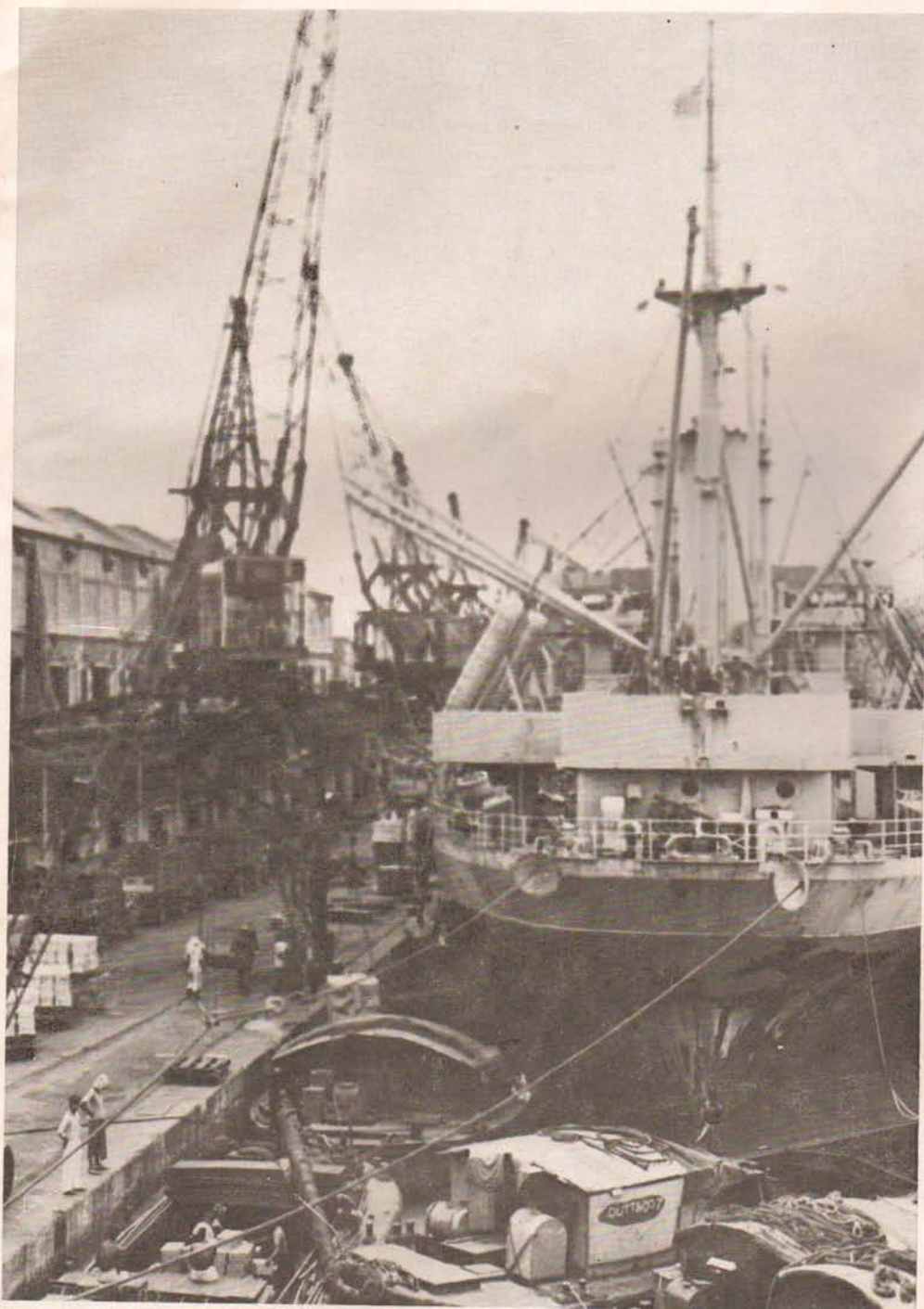
# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JANUARY  
1961







A SHIP being unloaded, with supplies lowered into barges and warehouses, at the King George Docks at Calcutta, India. This U. S. Army photo was taken in August 1945.



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 15, No. 1

January, 1961

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**Clarence R. Gordon & Neil L. Maurer** ..... Co-Editors

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

Sydney L. Greenberg ..... Photo Editor  
Boyd Sinclair ..... Book Review Editor

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## Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● **Appointment** of a CBI veteran as Secretary of State should be of interest to all Roundup readers—both Democrat and Republican. We believe CBIer Dean Rusk is a good choice for this post, one of the most important in the nation. Be sure to read the Associated Press article about him reprinted in this issue.

● **This month's cover picture** brings together some of the top Air Force commanders of two theaters. Maj. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer (center), Air Commander, Eastern Air Command, and Commanding General AAF, India-Burma Theater, was visited by Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle (left), Commanding General, 8th Air Force, and Maj. Gen. Earle E. Patridge, 3rd Air Division, 8th Air Force. General Stratemeyer is showing the visiting generals photographs of damage done during attacks on Japanese installations in Burma by aircraft under his command. This U. S. Air Force photo was taken in May, 1945.

● **The sacred cow** seems to be losing ground in India. A news item from New Delhi tells us India's supreme court has declared invalid laws of three states banning the slaughter of cattle in this country where the Hindu religion holds the cow sacred. The court said the ban was an unreasonable limitation on butchers' rights to practice their trade.

● **We appreciate** the many holiday greetings received from Roundup readers. Time does not permit us to answer all the mail received . . . all we can say in this case is "The same to you!"

JANUARY, 1961



## Father Killed in CBI

● I would like to know if there is anyone living in this area who served in the CBI theater in the 489th Bombardment Squadron based at Kermitola, India, during the months of February and March of 1944. My father was killed in action in this theater . . . shot down over Wuntho, Burma, on March 27, 1944, while flying a mission in medium B-25 bomber. I am 16 years of age.

MICHAEL T. ALDRICH,  
1501 Rockefeller Ave.  
Everett, Wash.

## Feature Missed

● The December issue is another good one, but I will miss Col. Cullum's "It Seems Like Only Yesterday."

MANLY KEITH,  
Houston, Texas



INDIANS pose for a snapshot at village near Kaliakundi. Photo by Don Tratchel.





ORDERLY ROOM of the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron at Shingbuiyang, Burma. In foreground is Burmese idol found in abandoned temple. Photo by Earl A. Harris Jr.

#### Selling Motorcycles

● Don't know how you keep finding such enjoyable reading for those of us who spent time in CBI, but I certainly congratulate you for it. I was only in the theater one year, and was there when the war ended, but that year is one most firmly fixed in my memories. Karachi, Malir, Kunming, Luliang, Kanchow and Tushan all seem like places I lived for a long time rather than just a few months. In case any of my friends read this, I am selling motorcycles for my Dad at 601 N. W. 3rd, and I would enjoy seeing or hearing from them.

BARNEY FUDGE,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

#### Advisor in Europe

● Lt. Col. Anne E. Sweeney, daughter of Maj. Gen. Walter C. Sweeney Sr. (USA, ret.) of San Francisco, has been recently assigned as Women's Army Corps staff advisor to the Army in Europe. A member of one of the first groups

of volunteers to take basic training in the Women's Army Corps, Colonel Sweeney joined up in 1942, served overseas in the China-Burma-India Theater. She has been a deputy WAC director at the Pentagon the last four years.

MIDRED COWEN,  
Washington, D.C.

#### S.S. Mariposa Again

● In your May 1960 issue, you stated that the S.S. Mariposa is now a luxury cruise liner, between the West Coast and Hawaii and South Seas. NOT SO! The Mariposa now sailing the South Seas is a new (converted) vessel. The old Mariposa was sold by Matson after the war to the Cosulich Bros. of Genoa who gutted her—rebuilt her—and she's now the luxury Caribbean cruise liner and trans-Atlantic liner "Homeris" of the Home Lines—under Panamanian registry.

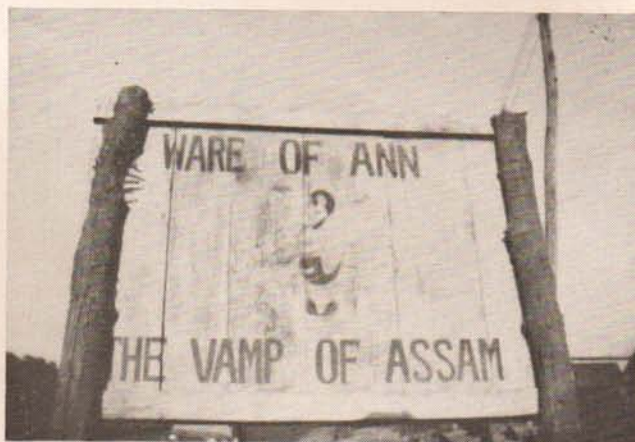
L. P. LEENHOUTS,  
Needham, Mass.

*First to correct us on this error (July 1960 issue) was Lawrence G. Caldwell of Glen Head, L.I., N.Y. —Eds.*

#### Calcutta Taxi Horns!

● Shades of 1944! An importing firm in California is now marketing those brass, rubber-bulbed taxi horns! I can't imagine why anyone except a nostalgic CBI-er would buy one, but they are on sale for \$15.00 at White's City, N. M., at the entrance to Carlsbad Caverns.

JOSEPH CARNER,  
Hobbs, N. M.



WARNING SIGN erected by malaria control personnel at Margarita, Assam. Anopheles mosquito is the target. Photo by Don Tratchel.





MOTOR BUS, bullock carts and taxis mix in the traffic of Chowringhee Road in Calcutta. Photo by Eugene Parker.

#### Wants First Volume

● Although I am one of your oldest subscribers (1947), I will not be completely happy until I am in possession of your first volume of Roundup. Are there possibilities of receiving those back issues after so long a delay in requesting? My first issue is September 1947, so you may turn back the pages of history to your Vol. 1, No. 1, when first you chanced to walk with the infant issue. Hope your reports are favorable so I can complete my CBI library.

ERNEST MORF,  
Salt Lake City, Utah

*Unfortunately, the earliest issues now available are September, 1948; and September and December, 1949. Would any reader have earlier issues for Reader Morf?*  
—Eds.

#### Joseph Edgar Diehm

● Joseph Edgar Diehm, 40, son of County Judge and Mrs. Edgar G. Diehm of Youngstown, Ohio, died of arthritis at his home in Miami, Fla., November 11. Mr. Diehm, a former basketball star at Boardman High School, and who was instrumental in having the name "Spartans" attached to all Boardman teams, was forced to retire from a Miami realty firm, due to the arthritis he con-

tracted while serving in the China-Burma-India Theater during WW II. He was a navigator with a B-24 command flying munitions from India to China. Besides his parents, he leaves his wife, the former Patricia Gerard of Miami; a brother William H. of Youngstown, and two sisters, Mrs. John A. Coffman of Balston Spa, N. Y., and Mrs. Robert A. Newcombe of State College, Pa.

ETHEL G. YAVORSKY,  
Youngstown, Ohio

#### Quick Change Sign

● That sign at Dibrugarh ("Help Beat The Jap") in the Nov. issue was later changed to read, "Quit India!"

MARION ZWYER Jr.,  
Billings, Mont.



SHIPS ON THE C. B. I. RUN . . . No. 2 in a Series

Official U. S. Navy photograph of the U.S.S. Kadashan Bay. After participating in some of the larger naval engagements toward the end of the Pacific War, this ship left Shanghai on Dec. 4, 1945, bringing several thousand CBI personnel back for their "first-in-a-long-time" look at "Uncle Sugar." Photo submitted by Earl A. Harris Jr.



# Lock-Makers of Howrah

*From the Calcutta Statesman*

The lock-makers of Howrah may make a pertinent claim on the gratitude of countless people for whose safety and security they have been toiling hard for the last half-century. Like all other cottage craftsmen, they are a set of unassuming artisans who faithfully follow their forefathers' traditions without flattering themselves on the useful work they have been doing. They are proud of their profession but not boastful of their attainments.

The homes of the lock-makers lie in widely-scattered villages in the district of Howrah, the nearest being sixteen miles from Calcutta. Some of the villages have a concentration of lock-makers, others have only a few. In all there are about 3,000 artisans who produce no less than seven million locks of all types every year, valued at three million rupees. The rural economy of these villages—there are about a dozen of them—is keyed to the weal and woe of the lock industry, which forms either the main or the subsidiary occupation for most of the people. During the busy hours of the day, the villages ring with the sturdy music of the hammer and anvil of artisans working in the rich amber glow of their hearths.

Lock-making is essentially a cottage industry still. It is performed mostly in family units with occasional help from outside. As in all other cottage industries, there are no scheduled hours of work, but generally the workmen are at their job from dawn to dusk except an hour or two for the midday recess. The busiest period is from November to May and the production falls off in the swing season because the artisan must have his earnings supplemented by agriculture.

How the industry came to be located in Howrah villages is an interesting story. Except its proximity to the market, the area could not claim any other factor to its economic advantage. Perhaps the natural genius of the local people for quickly acquiring mechanical skill influenced the concentration of the industry in these villages.

Fifty years ago, padlocks used to be made in Alambazar, a northern suburb of Calcutta. The process of manufacture was crude and the finish of the locks was poor, but the quality of the product was not unsatisfactory. Two villagers, Abinash Chandra Kar and Sashi Bhusan

Manna, both belonging to Mansinghpur in Howrah, came to Calcutta in search of work and settled down in Alambazar. Some time later Kar brought his son Sushil and Manna his brother Bhismadev to Alambazar. Near their home a skilled mechanic, Banamali Das, had been making padlocks. His locks readily sold in the market in spite of their hefty size. Das took the youngsters as his apprentices. It did not take them long to turn into master craftsmen, so keen were they on the job.

Sushil Kar and Bhismadev Manna loved their work. But they were anxious to take their skill to their own village, where they wanted to start a factory of their own. But they had no capital, nor was there anyone with a ready offer of financial help. They, however, made a start with a capital of Rs 25 that they jointly had. Their locks sold quickly and fetched a fair margin of profit. As business expanded, they were on their way to success.

Many villagers in those days used to go to the Sunderbans and the coastal areas of Midnapur district to collect straw to sell in Calcutta. It was a hazardous occupation; they could, therefore, be easily persuaded to learn lock-making. The factory eventually had 50 to 60 workers earning about Rs 25 a month, a substantial earning in those days of abundance and low prices. This was really the beginning of the lockmaking industry in Bengal on a systematic basis in the first decade of this century.

Padlocks are made of various sizes, from 1½" to 4", the size most in demand being 2". The making of a lock is simple, but it needs skilful manipulation. It has nine main parts, namely, the front plate, back plate, lever, lever guards, key-hole covers, key cells, key guides, lockings and bolts. There are, again, thirteen stages in the manufacture of a complete lock. First, the sheets are to be marked to the required sizes. These are then sheared and holes are drilled. Components are fixed and adjusted within the front and back plates, which must be riveted. The lock is then polished and finished. The most delicate and difficult of the components is the locking bolt. Lever-setting is an equally difficult job. The entire process is done by hand; there is no application of power at any stage. In small units, one person attends to moulding, casting, shearing and similar work and another looks after the



fixing and adjusting of components. In bigger units, there is a division of labour.

Normally, one man can make two padlocks of 3" size or 3 locks of 2½" size or 4 locks of 2" size in a day. A high-quality lock takes one person several days to finish. In the peak season, the lock makers work harder to increase their daily output.

The raw materials required are plain black sheets, brass sheets, iron and brass scraps, wire springs, iron rods, copper, zinc, borax, gun-metal and coal. Tools and equipment required are equally few and simple. A vice, a drill, and anvil, a set of hammers, a few pairs of tongs, a country-made bellows, a set of chisels and a pack of files—these are about all that form the lock-maker's kit. The total cost does not exceed Rs 100.

The lock-makers do not make keys, just as the key-makers do not make locks. Keys are procured from neighbouring villages. But the teeth of the keys are cut by the lock-makers to fit in the lever of each lock separately, for on that depends the security of a lock.

The packing of locks, particularly furniture locks, is generally by the dozen in a box. Padlocks are packed individually. Cardboard boxes are made by village women with materials supplied by the lockmakers. They are given about eight annas per 100 boxes. One woman can do two to three hundred boxes a day if she works full time. But her average spare-hour output is 100 boxes a day.

Not long after the first unit had been started in the village of Mansinghpur, a number of other units came into being. Serious competition ensued. Sushil Kar, the pioneer of the industry, was a man of imagination and he apprehended that competition would be keener still. He turned his eyes to a new line of manufacture. Drawer and furniture locks used to be imported till then. He made a successful endeavour to make these. World War I gave him a splendid opportunity to develop his production. As imports were completely cut off his products came in very handy.

But it was due to the efforts of a Muslim merchant from Kathiawad that a permanent market was created for the locks of Howrah. Kasim Laljee had his business in Chitpur in Calcutta. He made an extensive tour in India and established business connections in all the principal towns of the country. By 1920 Howrah locks had an all-India market.

An export market had also been slowly and steadily developing. Merchants in Bombay used to ship locks abroad. Today Howrah locks sell in Burma, Ceylon,

Indonesia, Australia, Africa, Arabia and the Middle East.

Uneasy times have overtaken the lock-makers of Howrah. Until recently quantity and not quality used to condition production. But buyers are now more discerning. Moreover, there is growing competition from manufacturers who have established power-driven factories in the country. The Howrah lockmakers must pay heed to quality and cost of production, otherwise a dismal future awaits them.

—THE END

## BACK ISSUES

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## THE ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 188  
Laurens, Iowa



# Mountain of Nine Peaks

BY ALBERIC de CROMBRUGGHE

At THE END of June 1943, two friends and I decided to spend a short holiday in a Buddhist monastery situated on China's Chiu Feng Shan, the Mountain of Nine Peaks. This mountain range rises not far from Pen Hsien, Pei Lu Ch'ang, our starting point.

I suppose you live in a noisy town or in some crowded market, and that you would enjoy accompanying us on that excursion into the beautiful wilds. So please forget for a few moments your everyday business and worries; let the walls of your room melt away and vanish.

You are now with us, on a bright summer morning in the valley of the White Stag. We are climbing a narrow path-way, winding about maizefields, dotted with tea-bushes and thatched farm-houses. Long files of market-goers pass us by discussing cheerily the expected profits of the day. Soon they become less frequent, maizefields and farmhouses more scarce. Gradually leaving the cultivated zone we walk through woods, shrubberies and bamboo groves. Here and there a small coal mine very primitively exploited, or a paper manufactory. The coarse brown paper is made out of bamboo pulp and is used for wrapping up parcels or for making paper money superstitiously burned for the dead. There are still a few huts near which poor mountaineers burn piles of grass. Out of the ashes they extract potash.

To our right, the T'ien T'ai Shan, Mountain of the Altar of Heaven, crowned with its Buddhist Temple; to our left, a lower mountain ridge over which begin to rise far-away peaks streaked with snow. We tarry along the way, picking sun-warmed strawberries. By a singing brook we sit awhile until our three carriers catch up with us—they carry rugs and provisions. At 10 o'clock we reach the mountain pass of Pao Nin Sze. A short rest at the Buddhist Temple of that name, and on we go. The way now leads us down towards the valley still separating us from the Chiu Feng Shan. With our field glasses we scan this mountain chain to discover the eight Buddhist Temples built along the path leading up from the foot of the mountain to one of the nine peaks. Chiu Feng is covered with trees, shrubs and densely growing bamboos. Great cliffs of bare grey rock tear vast gaps in its rich green coating. Torrents and waterfalls, like long snowy strings, hang on its flanks. The peaks are hidden in the gathering clouds. A few patches of sun-

light linger lower down. At the bottom of the valley we cross Ching Ho, or Gold River, on a 't'ieh-so ch'iao', a bridge made of iron chains fixed to the rocks on either side. Thus suspended the bridge swings and undulates as we cautiously step over one at a time: no light adventure for giddy people!

We now lunch at a lonely inn. So eager are we to begin climbing that we don't linger even to smoke a pipe. The way is not yet steep and shortly we arrive at Hai Hui T'ang, the first of the eight temples. It is surrounded by very fine trees, some of them about three meters around and twenty meters high. Their beauty fills us with joy; too rare now in Szechuan Province is such a sight!

This reminds me of a text Mr. Lowder-milk, expert on soil conservation from the U. S. State Department had the kindness to write down for me. He had given it first over the radio in Jerusalem in June 1949. I cannot withhold transcribing it here to plead protection for the Chinese forests that still remain in these regions. It is supposed to be an 11th commandment:

"Thou shalt inherit the Holy Earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, they living waters from drying up, the forests from desolation; and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, that thy descendants may have abundance forever. Many shall fail in this stewardship of the land. Thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground or wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or perish from off the face of the earth."

In many places over here I have seen all this come true.

In the temple kind Buddhist monks invite us to a cup of hot tea. They introduce us to a snowy-bearded monk who is, they say, well over a hundred years old. For half a century he had lived in the temple at the top of the mountain without once coming down. Last year he descended and was not able to climb up back. So here he is peacefully finishing his life. As he is completely deaf we cannot interview him. We make friends instead with two guests of this monastery. One is a poor chap with lung trouble. He has come to the mountain to cure himself. I think such a damp place must not be too good for tuberculosis, but, of course,



I don't mention this thought to him. Perhaps the peacefulness of his life here, and the will to get better may heal him, after all. Our second friend is an English-speaking Protestant gentleman. He is superintending the repairs on the monastery. The monks at the top of the mountain are later to tell us his story: how some time ago he had gone down the wild and pathless slopes on the other side of the mountain; he not only did not bring back any treasure but got lost and nearly left his bones down there; he spent two rainy days and nights in the open and without food; somehow he managed to creep back, but in a sorry plight; and the monks telling us this add: "The gods thus punished him for his avaricious greed." So we conclude that the poor fellow had not been able to pay them much money for his stay up there . . .

In the second temple, Ts'ing Liang Sze, we admire a delicately carved statue of Sakyamuni—of Hindu style and origin and not at all the fat, smiling, rather stupid-looking Buddha usually found. When we leave three dogs follow us. They belong to the monasteries. They go from one to another, but never alone because of the panthers. So they follow the groups of pilgrims. We coax them to come near to us but without success. They fearfully keep at a safe distance, walking when we walk, stopping when we stop. As we enter a deep narrow gully half choked with chaotic piles of tumbled-down boulders, suddenly from over our heads comes a low whining growl. Forgetting all fear of us, the dogs run up and trembling press themselves amongst us. We try in vain to spy out the hungry panther, crouched somewhere up there.

A rickety log bridge brings us over a half-dried-up torrent. The latter in its fury has scooped out the granite into deep dark caves where the now silent green waters seem to sleep. Now begins the real ascension. Sometimes we have to pull ourselves up rough steps hewn in the stone. The mists are rolling down the mountainside to meet us. Presently we reach a small table-land where stands a half-tumbled-down pagoda. This lonely spot is covered with a kind of thick hard grass. I espy several graceful-looking white lillies but because the grass is soaked with rain I must give up trying to approach them for a closer look. At last the third temple, Chou Shih Tien, appears sailing over a sea of driving mists. Our first day's journey is ended, for here we intend to put up for the night.

As we are nearing, a wrinkled old monk having heard our voices hastens to the temple door. He eyes us most suspiciously. But a few friendly words quickly

calm his mistrust; he cheers up a bit and fusses around with his pots and pans to prepare supper. Suddenly, catching sight of my field glasses, with a wave of the hand he bids me follow him outside. He points to a few whitish rocks projecting out between the hanging creepers on a tall cliff rising some distance away. Long, long ago, he tells us, there had been a big temple at the foot of that cliff. One day it had crumbled down; but the pusahs had flown up and perched themselves on the rock ledges of the cliff, and there they could be seen sitting ever since. I look through the glasses but this only confirms what my naked eye plainly sees: no statues, only a few white rocks.

"You see them, don't you?" The half-blind monk keeps on asking with such earnestness that I am unwilling to disillusion him. I glance at my silently laughing friends and finally answer:

"Yes, I do see something. Not very plainly though. The mists are thickening fast, don't you see?"

He sighs and assures us that if there had been sunshine we would have seen them very clearly. Then back he trots to his kitchen. My friends accuse me, teasingly, of having made him sink deeper still into his superstition. I answer that had I bluntly declared to him that he was mistaken, he would not have believed me anyway and would only have resumed his former grumpiness and our meal would not be so carefully cooked.

Well, supper is ready. I do not say we eat it. We devour it! Such an appetite has the climbing given us. At the table we meet a guest. He is staying here, also to cure lung trouble. He shows us a bottle of "pine-tree-cod-liver-oil," as he calls it. I am hoping it is doing him good. Our friends the monastery dogs, all previous fear of us forgotten since the whine of the panther, now run around the table begging for tidbits.

Then we sleepily sit around a scented blaze of pine-wood, drying our boots, sucking our pipes, and listening to the endless and fantastic tales of our very simple-minded and credulous host. He has spent most of his life in this secluded spot and seems to live in another world of dragons and fairies and magicians. In the dancing glow of the firelight the brilliantly colored gods and goddesses peering at us all around out of the darkness, seem to come to life and also listen to the stories.

At last the old man shows us to a very clean room with three beds. No vermin at all, as in the roadside hostels—we are the first visitors of the year, it is true, the pilgrimage not having yet begun.

—THE END



# The New Moongate

*From the China Correspondent*

By **CASPAR CAULFIELD, C. P.**

Boarding the Chungking bus the other day I met one of China's most loyal supporters in America, Albert Lee, proprietor of the Moongate Restaurant in Boston. Neat in a blue suit with light pin stripe and a brown brief case under his arm, Mr. Lee was on a rush trip to Chungking to arrange the training of Chinese technicians and mechanics in American industrial schools and colleges.

With that imperturbable smile of his that greets you half way around the world as though he had met you just yesterday, Albert made his opening remark, one that jolted me into the seat beside him.

"The Chungking bus is better than the Boston bus."

I looked at our darksome vehicle and the thirty-odd people hanging on to the aisle straps for dear life, and asked:

"Why?"

"Because the Chungking bus is an express bus, and the Boston bus stops at every corner."

"Well, Albert, I guess it is all in how you look at it." I changed the subject.

"You were sent by Heaven, Albert, you are just what is needed in China now."

"Why?"

"Because The Moongate is a most successful Chinese-American restaurant in the United States. You know what Americans like. There isn't an eating place in all China that agrees with American ideals of good food and entertainment."

"Yes," said Albert sadly, "I know, I have heard the soldiers griping. They are not at home in China because they have no good place to spend their leisure hours. It takes so little to make them happy, too," Albert went on, "good restaurants, where they can get American cooking, or Chinese food—chopsuey, chowmein, prepared the American way—cheerful surroundings, music, something to drink. . ."

Albert felt deeply on this subject.

"It's too bad," he continued, "that the American airmen, the pilots and bombardiers and gunners, who risk their lives daily to help us, don't enjoy their stay in China more."

"The American Expeditionary Force in the First World War was to a man enthusiastic about France despite the trenches. Why? Because France was full of cheerful little cages where the boys could gather and forget the war. France and the United States have been friends

for twenty years owing to the liking of the American doughboys for French cooking."

"That's the idea, Albert," I broke in enthusiastically.

"The whole question of Chinese-American cooperation after the war depends on making friends for China out of the GI's and officers while they are here. These boys are the political leaders of America's future. How many soldiers came into power in local and government politics after the last war, all because they could win election by pointing to an accomplishment during the war? Others will do the same in the next 20 years."

We had reached our bus stop near the "China Correspondent" office at St. Joseph's Church. Out on the sidewalk I found myself complying with Albert Lee's urgent invitation to lunch. We walked around a corner and through a delicatessen shop to a clean little restaurant called "Prosperity Garden."

Though I have some knowledge of the Chinese language, I still find it most difficult to order food at a Chinese restaurant. Now I watched it done by an expert.

"War regulations permit us only three dishes," said Albert. "But if we order chicken and fish we can have a hot broth and a fish chowder as well." Albert gave fluent directions in Cantonese, then by mutual consent we resumed our conversation.

"Americans need places of relaxation and entertainment," I said, "not because they want plush lounges under them while they fight the Japanese. Our aviators and our infantry want to mix it with the Japs no matter how tough the going is. But soldiers in other theaters of war ease the strain by an occasional furlough. Where in Free China are there facilities to give our boys the days off they need?"

"None," said Albert.

Tea cups and chopsticks were placed on the table. We observed the custom of calling for a little rice wine to rinse the tea bowls and polish the chopsticks. This reminded me:

"The teahouses near the largest airbase in China are forbidden by army authorities to serve water or cold drinks to soldiers, because the cooks can't be trusted to boil the drinking water." A delicious chicken broth had been brought. We drank it demonstratively to show our appreciation.

"The trouble is," said Albert, "that Chinese restaurant owners don't understand American management. I know what Americans want. Clean tablecloths



changed for each customer. Meat and perishables kept under refrigeration. Coffee fresh. Chinese delicacies flavored to American taste. A choice of home cooking. A spotless kitchen."

Albert invited me to taste of a whole boiled chicken sauced with mushrooms and roasted peanuts. The flesh of the fowl fell away in white chunks as we touched it with our chopsticks. This culinary masterpiece, I knew, was a tribute to my host's skill.

"An immaculate white-tiled kitchen at the front door would be a restaurant's best advertisement in China, Albert."

"Yes, yes," with a wave of chopsticks at the square wooden tables and plain walls of Prosperity Garden, "Americans want cheerful surroundings. They like music for their special occasions, a dinner orchestra, or at least a good record changer playing in the background. They like good company, and enjoy the society of English-speaking Chinese friends. This creates a fine atmosphere."

A waiter with an apron of questionable white removed the chicken and placed a second triumph of Albert's ordering on the table, roast pork buried in thick tomato sauce flavored with lotus seeds. My restaurateur friend kept on with his theme.

"A restaurant's success depends on a good manager. A manager must know more than all his cooks and waiters, so that he can show how a thing is done by doing it himself. Managers should be paid a high salary to make them everlastingly on the job to keep their job. Fifty thousand dollars a month in China is not too much."

"Albert," I said, "why don't you stay here in China during the war and open restaurants such as you mention for our American soldiers? You could certainly make them succeed. Call each one 'The Moongate!' When these boys go home they will always remember you and be your lifelong friends and customers."

The last of our three dishes was on the table, a whole boiled fish creamed on a white sea with islands of tiny onions.

"I cannot stay," said Albert, "I have too many business interests in America now." Then, as he invited me to partake of the final proof of his knowledge of Chinese cooking, he added reflectively, "How I would like to plan the organization and building of restaurants like we have been speaking of, and to train their managers. It would take about six months. Money would be needed, say \$15,000,000 National Currency. This would build fine dining places in four key cities where Americans congregate."

We drank our fish chowder, and called for rice.

"I could not succeed without cooperation from the government. Take the one item of refrigeration. How could I get refrigerators without the help of the American or Chinese government? Some American supplies would be needed too, like coffee, canned goods, kitchen equipment."

Albert ordered cakes and tea. "By government assistance I don't mean the patronage of local politicians. That kind of favor would doom these restaurants before they were started. No. The opening of leisure restaurants for American soldiers would have to be a straight government undertaking. Like the arrangement between the Howard Johnson restaurants and the United States government at the war plants. Because Howard Johnson management is famous, the government built and completely equipped restaurants for him at the war plants and asked his company to run them at the rental of a dollar a year."

Albert paid the bill, and we went out to the sidewalk.

"That's what I mean," he continued as we stood on the curb. "Either the American or Chinese government has to back this venture to make it succeed. China should do it as China stands most to gain. After all fifteen million dollars National Currency is not too much to spend to gain years of post-war good will."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is Albert, that it wouldn't be a barren investment. American boys have money simply burning in their pockets for a good time. That fifteen million would be a hundred million clear profit by the end of the war, a sound financial outlay."

I shook hands with Albert Lee and watched him hustle off. I thought to myself, 'a Chinese who is your friend is the best friend in the whole wide world.'

—THE END

## Ex-CBers Exchange

This column is intended to bring together CBI-ers who want to sell, buy or trade articles from China, Burma or India. There is no charge for this service . . . send your notices to the editors for inclusion in next issue.

**WANTED**—Information concerning former members of the 3102nd Signal Service Battalion stationed at New Delhi, Kweiyang, and Dibrugarh. Send all names and addresses to Richard H. Poppe, Route No. 4, Box 500, Loveland, Ohio.



# So This Is India!

*Reprinted from The Statesman*

"So this is India," exclaimed an elderly farmer from Ohio as we elbowed our way through the narrow lane leading up to the Vishwanath Temple. Trying to appreciate his reactions, I suddenly saw what draws four out of five tourists visiting India to Banaras.

We had just been forced into a tiny shop selling sindhur in a dozen bright shades (the American promptly put some on his forehead) to avoid a cow sauntering down the lane; now we were among the flower stalls, heavy with the scent of jasmine and marigold, and a banker from New Jersey stopped a woman carrying a load of dungcakes to take a photograph.

Widows in tattered white saris crouched against the wall holding out empty metal bowls—they made no protest when we brushed by unresponsive: a prostrate sadhu was measuring his length around the temple: from somewhere nearby came the clash of cymbals and the discordant clangour of bells.

All the senses were assailed together. The man from Ohio paused to touch the temple threshold worn smooth by pilgrim feet and the respectful placing of its dust on a myriad foreheads.

Back in the hotel the New Jersey banker said: "Actually, we liked New Delhi best of all, but we'll certainly want to tell our friends back home about Banaras. It's so different." His wife nodded agreement. "Delhi was clean," she said, "and there were such beautiful things in the Government shop. We didn't need to bargain either."

The Ohio farmer felt the same way about New Delhi, but he had more to say about Banaras: "It has nothing like the Taj or the Government buildings at Delhi or even our own Embassy, but it has a feeling of life, of people, of faith and (he smiled to temper the possible unpleasantness) of dirt."

He was interrupted by a silver-haired lady from Virginia: "We also saw dirt in Rio and South Africa," she said, "and they don't have half as big a population as yours."

"I didn't mean any offense" the farmer said. "I'm a plain-spoken man. We know you are doing your best and now we realize why it takes time."

The Virginia lady's niece (the only member of the group under 50) said: "I

don't think I've seen anything as beautiful as the view from the river this morning. But tell me, do they really sometimes throw in unburnt bodies? Our guide said so."

The air-conditioned special train had arrived at 7 that morning and in half an hour the tourists were on the Ganges, watching the ghats go by. They sat on chairs arranged on the decks of large boats, jumping up again and again to take photographs.

It was a cloudy day, with the morning sun occasionally coming through to illuminate the Dasaswamedha Ghat, the Nepali Temple's golden roof, a many-windowed palace rising sheer from the water, Aurangzeb's mosque, a devotee worshipping the sun, a drain pouring refuse into the river. From the boat one could see the entire crescent-shaped riverfront stretching three miles from the girders of the railway bridge to the Hanuman Temple.

★

When we were safe in the boat, our guide started on a description of the sights: "Dasaswamedha Ghat, where Lord Brahma performed sacrifice with ten horses" After a few "beg-your-pardons" the tourists lost interest and concentrated on their cameras. (They told me later that they found it difficult to follow him and most of the names he mentioned meant nothing to them.)

Cameras were obediently put away near the burning ghat, where photography is banned. Only one pyre was smouldering and the tourists were obviously disappointed. "Seems small to me," joked a spry old bachelor from California. "How do they manage when there's a rush?" The guide took him seriously and it was then that he casually announced: "Many people, including those that die of small-pox, are thrown in unburnt."

The Virginian aunt smiled bravely through her dismay. Her niece—the only other who seemed to have understood the guide—quickly pointed towards a man squatting with his face to the wall. "Is he praying?" she asked.

It was the guide's turn to be discomfited. He looked perplexed, then smiled. "The man has a headache," he informed us, "he is resting."

The 74-member party of tourists was one of the many "doing" India during the six days that their round-the-world liner,



RMS Caronia, was docked at Bombay. Their time was carefully rationed. They all saw the temples in the morning, but many dropped out of the afternoon visit to Sarnath. They had seen Fatehpur Sikri, Agra and Delhi and were showing signs of weariness.

"I'm not interested in ruins" the Californian bachelor told me. "I want to see what things are like today. I'd give anything to see the future, even next week's paper (he laughed out loud), though it could contain my own obituary."

The hotel had thoughtfully provided for elephant rides, with a photographer at hand. Three English-speaking snake-charmers arranged mongoose-snake combats on the lawn. For a collection of Rs 20 or above, it was a duel to the death (snakes must be cheap in Banaras—the mongoose always won).

A thin, bearded man did yogic exercises in the lounge.

★

Part of the grounds had been converted into a huge shop selling Banaras silks and brocades, saris, turbans, brassware and ornaments, with prices quoted in dollars. Between excursions the cars always stopped at a silk "factory" where tourists were offered saris at factory prices.

"Where do the residents of this place shop?" the banker's wife asked me, and

complained that someone had bought a sari in the hotel for \$60 identical to the one for which she had paid \$75 at the factory. "We never seem to be taken to a place where others shop. They should have a Government shop here, as in Delhi."

At four in the afternoon the tourists returned to their special train. Everyone was full of praise for the Indian Railways. "Why, this train is even better than those back home," said the Ohio farmer before it started. A railway officer looked meaningfully at me.

Next day, I visited the crowded lane leading from the Chowk where the craftsmen who weave the delicate silks and cottons that have made Banaras famous come to hawk their goods. They come from nearby villages at 7 in the evening, after weaving the whole day.

They come carrying long oblong boxes of tin or cardboard. If you are sitting in a shop and look like a buyer, they open the box and draw out an exquisitely patterned sari that might have taken two men two weeks to complete. The shop-keeper will examine the piece for you and bargain. If a deal is done, he takes an extra 6¼% from the customer. Sometimes he buys the sari himself. But all too often the craftsman returns home late with his box full, and quotes a lower price next evening.

—THE END

## There Was No Chute for Myrgetroyd

By The Old Gray Major

To the 14th Air Force at Kunming came a beautiful flight nurse who had a dog that she called 'Myrgetroyd', which in itself wasn't so bad. Dogs have been called worse. So have officers. But she brought the dog to the table where he sat alongside her and ate from a plate.

But Chennault's brave flyers, who had done battle with Japanese many times, couldn't find an officer with enough courage to tell a beautiful nurse that her dog, not being a commissioned officer, couldn't eat at their table.

But the fates were kind to them, and when an injured flyer had to be brought back from Kweilin, the nurse was ordered to go along, and naturally took Myrgetroyd with her. The fates did even more, developing engine trouble in the plane, and all had to bail out.

Holding the dog in her left arm she jumped, and on the way down pulled the rip-cord with her right. When her chute opened her descent was decelerat-

ed with such suddenness that Myrgetroyd slipped out of her grip and went on down alone.

When they had landed and assembled she wanted a searching party formed to find the dog, but got no volunteers for that. When they got back to Kunming the sadness of the 14th Air Force over the loss of a bomber was turned to gladness over the loss of Myrgetroyd.

But, officers and gentlemen, the flyers always expressed their regrets to the nurse over her great loss. And I left China before it was certain which wolf would take the dog's place in the lady's affections.

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# Boomtown at Malir

From CBI Roundup

BY SGT. C. M. BUCHANAN  
Roundup Field Correspondent

KARACHI—Biggest boomtown in the India-Burma Theater is at Malir, outside Karachi, where thousands of troops from over China, Burma, and India are coming by plane and train to be staged and processed prior to return home.

Located 18 miles from the heart of Karachi, Malir Replacement Depot is a huge sprawling, military cantonment built by the British, but now utilized entirely by the American Army. It's a vast, flat area of desert land with shrubs and bushes and few trees. Hot winds blow across it during the day, but typical desert chilliness prevails at night.

During the early stages of the war, the British built Malir as the last line of defense, in the event the German Afrika Corps succeeded in driving eastward for a juncture with approaching Jap Armies. It was here that Gen. Montgomery trained his famous Eighth Army.

The camp is laid out in highly defensible perimeters and covers an immense area of 86 square miles. Barracks and fire walls are of heavy stone and cement, so arranged that an infiltrating enemy would be exposed to fire from all sides. As baffling as Malir might have proved to the enemy, it's equally puzzling to the thousands of G. I.'s quartered here as they wander in all directions to find PX's, Red Cross Clubs, Recreation Centers, and similar places.

It's no secret that sudden cessation of hostilities with Japan found the Army unprepared to house, process, and ship thousands of troops from the Indian west coast port of Karachi. Virtually used as an embarkation and debarkation point several months ago, Karachi was maintained primarily as an air base from where relatively small numbers of men winged westward to Miami and New York. Calcutta remained as a sole point where ships were sailing for Shangri-La's shores.

When the war ended, it was obvious that Calcutta could not support the tremendous flow of troops homeward-bound and neither could the rail system to the Hooghly River harbor city. Therefore, an entirely new route and port had to be set up. It wasn't until Aug. 28, only a few days before troops were arriving, that the first officers and enlisted

men were flown to Malir to form the nucleus of the rapidly-expanding depot. Most of the cadre had been rounded up hastily at Kanchrapara, outside Calcutta, where the men had been billeted after arriving from the States and awaiting assignment as replacements.

CO of the 2nd Evacuation Battalion at Malir, the outfit that handles men for water shipment, Maj. S. P. Marshall, had been overseas only two months and was bound for China as an Artillery officer, when he was ordered to Karachi to activate a unit for the housing, feeding and processing of incoming troops.

Few of the officers and men had ever done such work before. Capt. D. E. Casey, executive officer of the battalion, was an Infantryman and previously knew the major only as a casual acquaintance aboard ship enroute to India. Lt. William G. Foster, Public Relations Officer, was given the job of planning a processing station and hastily evolved a production line set up that clears men in a jiffy. Other officers and men are from every imaginable branch of the service, from Armored Force to PX work, yet they accepted the new task with enthusiasm and pitched in to organize a speedy preparation center free of red tape and as comfortable as possible. From Sept. 5 to 15, 3,283 men arrived at Malir and hundreds almost daily since then.

Sergeant Major of the Second Battalion, M/Sgt. Henry P. Greco, formerly in the same capacity in a line company in the States, and overseas only three months, remarked that he had never seen men volunteer so freely in his entire Army experience. "They all want to get home, but quick—and I've never met guys so willing to work." Homeward-bound officers feel the same way and on one occasion a chicken colonel came to headquarters asking for an assignment as long as it would speed up getting back to the States.

Some of the men in the Replacement Depot have had long overseas service in this Theater or in other places such as Panama or the Aleutians. Sgt. Richard G. Merchant, Motor Sergeant, has 17 months to his credit in Assam and Northern Burma with an ack-ack outfit. Pvt. Charles P. Kuder, a clerk in battalion headquarters, served two years in Panama and after a few months in the States was sent to India. The newly-arrived Second Battalion staff was given every assistance by the oldtimers in the

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



area who had processed men for air shipment and staffed the camp previously.

When G. I.'s on their way home arrive at Malir, they are housed in comfortable stone barracks in various areas, each of which has wash room, shower and latrine facilities adjacent. Mess halls and Day Rooms are conveniently located and in addition, there are Red Cross Clubs, PX's and a swimming pool at the cantonment. At least one enlisted men's club has been opened and more are in preparation where G. I.'s can enjoy drinks. Movie areas are scattered throughout and dhobis patrol the barracks looking for work.

Men arriving as casualties are handled differently from those coming in as members of Category IV Units (units declared surplus and being returned to the States for deactivation and in which personnel will either be discharged or reassigned after receiving a furlough.) Casuals are processed almost immediately upon arrival. They are taken to a station where a thorough check is made of clothing and equipment to discover shortages.

Vets enter an area with barracks or duffle bags, make a simple form and are issued a PX card. From there they proceed to a platform where clothing is examined and a form checked to make sure the men have every item required. Shortages are issued much the same as they were upon induction, except that an effort is made to give the men the size they indicate. The G. I.'s operating the processing section are courteous and efficient and no brush-offs are given the returnees.

Outfits do their own processing through unit supply officers who check clothing and equipment and draw shortages in bulk for the entire organization and then distribute it individually to the men. Once processing is completed, men are free to visit recreation centers, enjoy bunk fatigue, move about the cantonment, ride bikes or spend their time as they see fit. The average G. I. coming to Malir gets to Karachi at least once, if he desires, before he sails. Details are kept to a minimum, although the amount of work required is prodigious for the permanent party, and casuals are asked to help out in guard duty, as life guards at the swimming pool, doing administrative work or KP, but the men are willing to pitch in to kill time and there are no hardships imposed.

As ships arrive, G. I.'s are alerted and made ready for the trip to the docks and their last glimpse of India. Everything is being done to keep the men only three or four days at Malir before embarking for home.

T/Sgt. Don L. Hanson, capable and efficient, has called out thousands of names of men returning home. Overseas 25 months himself, Hanson has been at the ports of Bombay, Calcutta, and now Karachi and moving troops is an old story to him.

"The men are so anxious to go aboard they can hardly sound off their first names and middle initials," Hanson related.

At the Malir Replacement Depot, returning casuals are segregated to separation centers and they are placed aboard the ship in that order. All the men going to the Fort Dix Separation Center, for instance, are in one group and stay in the same section of the ship so that there is no confusion or delay upon arrival in the States.

Men in Category IV Units, however, go aboard the ship as an organization and are not broken into separation and reception center groups until they reach American soil.

—THE END

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# CBler in U.S. Cabinet

By the Associated Press

Few men have followed a scholar's way to such peaks of success as Dean Rusk, who was tapped by President-elect John F. Kennedy as the next Secretary of State.

From his origin in Cherokee County, Ga., Rusk's life has followed an upward curve through periods as a Rhodes Scholar, teacher, officer in wartime Burma, and Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

He took his present position, the presidency of the Rockefeller Foundation, when he left government nine years ago.

Now at 51, he moves back to the State Department as the head man, and into the Kennedy Administration as the principal Cabinet officer.

Rusk first entered State after World War II. He left it for a year to serve as an assistant to Secy. of War Robert Patterson. Then he was appointed director of the Office of United Nations back in State.

In 1949 President Truman promoted him to Assistant Secretary of State.

In the following years, which saw the eruption of the Korean war, Rusk became known as the architect of this country's Far Eastern policy.

He worked under Secy. Dean Acheson and under John Foster Dulles when Dulles was a special assistant to Truman with the job of negotiating a peace treaty with Japan.

Rusk is a big man, topping six feet and weighs about 200 pounds. Tennis and golf are his sports.

He was reared in Atlanta and educated in its public schools and at Davidson College in North Carolina.

Rusk won Phi Beta Kappa honors and a BA degree, a start in his chosen career as political scientist.

The Rhodes Scholarship followed and he took other degrees at Oxford University in England. He studied further at the University of Berlin.

In 1934 Rusk became an associate professor of government and dean of faculty—at the age of 25—at Mills College, Oakland, Calif. He stayed there six years, also studying at UC's law school.

As the signs of war appeared, Rusk joined the Infantry Reserve as a captain on Dec. 15, 1940.

After two campaigns in the Burma theater and service on the War Department's general staff operations, Rusk emerged from the service as a colonel.

His rapid rise in the State Department in the postwar years brought him to a role as chief developer of political policy during the Korean War.

He stood squarely behind Truman in his quarrel with Gen. Douglas MacArthur's dismissal as U. S. commander in the Far East. Rusk argued that expansion of the Korean War as advocated by MacArthur would "lead to disaster."

By the time of his resignation in December, 1951, Rusk's main area of duty had shifted to working with Dulles to formulate the Japanese peace treaty.

His tenure since then as president of the Rockefeller Foundation has been relatively quiet.

The foundation, set up in 1913, has assets exceeded only by the Carnegie and Ford Foundations. In its time it has disbursed more than a half-billion dollars in medicine, agriculture, social sciences and the humanities.

Rusk, a Presbyterian, was married in 1937 to the former Virginia Foisie. They have three children.

—THE END



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*News dispatches from recent issues  
of The Calcutta Statesman*

**CALCUTTA**—India's international communications channels were further strengthened recently by the establishment of a high speed radio-telegraph link between India and the Philippines. The link operates directly between Calcutta and Manila.

**DACCA**—The general election in Pakistan would be held in the winter of 1961 or early in 1962, Mr. Zakir Hussain, the Interior Minister, said recently at Chittagong. Mr. Hussain told a press conference that the Constitutional Commission set up by the present regime would submit its report by March. The country's constitution would then be drafted and finalized by the end of 1961. There would be a general election as soon as the constitution was ready.

**NEW DELHI**—A hitherto-unknown pillar edict of Asoka may be in existence in Amarvati, Andhra, where a fragmentary record inscribed on a block of stone has been discovered. This block appears to have been cut out of an Asoka-type pillar and retains traces of its original Mauryan polish. Epigraphic studies also indicate that it is not impossible that Asoka himself was responsible for the erection of the original stupa.

**CALCUTTA**—Gambling in all forms is increasing in an alarming manner in Calcutta. Whether this is an offshoot of the economic prosperity now enjoyed by a section of the populace or because people are reluctant to save on account of the gradual depreciation in value of the rupee are matters, apparently, for a socio-economic survey.

**KARACHI**—Five hundred dogs and a harem of over 200 women—these are the immediate problems facing Prince Khusro, who has been appointed the new ruler of Dir after his father was deposed by the Pakistani Government. The Nawab had a veterinary surgeon to look after the dogs, although, according to officials, he did not have a single doctor to look after the health of his over 300,000 subjects. The deposed ruler had ordered every village in the State to supply its share of milk and meat daily for the dogs. Prince Khusro may sell the dogs in Karachi and Lahore, but is yet to decide how to liquidate the harem.

**MADRAS**—The Madras Government has decided to set up six schools to train farmers on the model of such schools in the U.K. No educational qualifications may be prescribed for admission to the proposed schools.

**KARACHI**—Motor drivers in Karachi, breaking traffic rules and "upsetting good order and public safety," will hereafter be tried under Martial Law regulations which provide for a maximum prison sentence of 10 years. They will also face confiscation of their vehicles, besides permanent cancellation of their driving licenses.

**BOMBAY**—A rare white tigress formerly owned by the Maharaja of Rewa was purchased recently for the Washington Zoo. The 200-lb. tigress differs from others of the species in that it is white with black stripes instead of the usual orange yellow and black. It has blue eyes and pink paws, but is not an albino. White tigers are said to be a rare mutation which occur naturally, perhaps once in a generation. The cost of acquiring, including purchase price, insurance and transportation, was estimated at about \$25,000 (about Rs 1,25,000).

**BOMBAY**—The Archaeological Department of the Government of India is considering a plan to popularize India's ancient monuments by adopting a novel technique evolved by French archaeologists. Known as the "son et lumiere" (sound and light) technique, it consists of focusing shafts of powerful light on successive parts of a monument in the presence of invited audiences. A commentary, running simultaneously, will explain the special features and the history of the monument. The Red Fort in Delhi is likely to be chosen for the first "sound and light" experiment.

**NASIK**—A large crowd watched a 45-year-old sadhu burn himself to death here. In a matter of minutes, the sadhu was turned to ashes after suddenly leaping into a pyre he had prepared on the bank of the River Godavari in the heart of the town. The sadhu was earlier seen going around the pyre three times chanting "mantras." He was also reported to have himself bought about five maunds of wood to make the pyre.

**SIMLA**—Himachal Pradesh Administration has introduced the novel experiment of an open air jail. The first jail has been set up in Bilaspur District, where, at present, there are 37 prisoners selected from various jails. In the open air jail prisoners will be free to earn their livelihood as ordinary workers. They will also get remission of one day for each day of their stay in the camp for good conduct.



# Book Reviews



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

**A BATTLE IS FOUGHT TO BE WON.** By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann, Incorporated, New York, January 1961. \$3.50.

This novel of the British retreat from Burma in 1942 blends courage and fear as they are experienced by a young lieutenant and his native troops withdrawing with the Japanese hard on their heels.

**MEN AND ANGELS.** By Robin White. Harper and Brothers, New York, January 1961. \$3.95.

Set in India, this novel of father and son retraces one man's discovery of his own nature as he finds his way to the heart of another's mystery. By the author of "Elephant Hill," the 1959 Harper prize novel.

**VALHALLA.** By Jere Peacock. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, January 1961. \$5.00.

This is a novel of Marines on peacetime duty in Japan by a new writer. It is more or less like a great many of the raw-type service novels which have been written about World War II.

**GOLDEN WINGS.** By Martin Caidin. Random House, New York, November 1960. \$10.00.

The story of the Navy and Marine Corps aloft from 1911 to Polaris and the supercarriers. More than 400 photographs included from the official files of both services.

**SAHARAS DESERT OF DESTINY.** By Georg Gerster. Coward-McCann, Incorporated, New York, January 1961. \$5.00.

This fascinating book applies the approach of "Gods, Graves and Scholars" to the history, lore, and culture of the world's largest desert. It covers the vast area from prehistoric times to the present.

**THE DEVIL TO PAY.** By Jack Youngblood and Robin Moore. Coward-McCann, Incorporated, January 1961. \$4.50.

The true story of an American soldier of fortune in Castro's revolution, Jack Youngblood, who is now an avowed anti-Communist. His career of violence is exciting and timely.

**THE SKY SUSPENDED.** By Drew Middleton. Longmans, Green and Company, New York, October 1960. \$4.50.

The story of one of the decisive battles of all time—the Battle of Britain. The story of a people who could not be driven or frightened, but who did what they comprehended they had to do—fight on.

**THE SAVING REMNANT.** By Herbert Agar. The Viking Press, New York, October 1960. \$5.00.

The Pulitzer Prize-winning author traces the unprecedented history of Jewish rescue and relief and the formation of a nation from the remnants of a scattered people.

**THE GRAVE OF THE TWIN HILLS.** By Bowen Hosford. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, January 1961. Unpriced.

A novel of postwar Japan in which an American newspaperman uncovers the story of a group of Japanese villagers who carefully tend the grave of an American airman and even build a monument to him.

**HELLBIRDS.** By Wilbur H. Morrison. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, November 1960. \$3.50.

The author, an Air Force reservist who served as a bombardier on a B-29 crew, describes his aerial combat adventures during World War II and discusses the importance of the Superfortress as a strategic air weapon.

**BURMA RIFLES.** By Frank Bonham. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, November 1960. \$2.95.

A juvenile story for ages 12 and up about Merrill's Marauders in which a Japanese-American proves his loyalty to the United States as an interpreter during the Burma campaign.

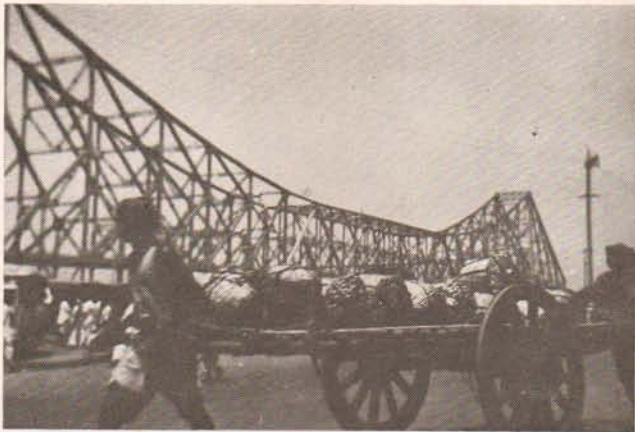
**THE WORLD OF ZEN.** Edited by Nancy Ross. Random House, New York, December 1960. \$10.00.

The first comprehensive anthology of Zen Buddhism for the general reader. Major writings on philosophy, religion, and art by leading Zen writers. The editor is an authority on Eastern religions.

**INDIA AND THE UNITED STATES.** Edited by Selig S. Harrison. The Macmillan Company, New York, January 1961. \$5.95.

An associate editor of The New Republic presents highlights of the conference on India and the U. S. held in 1959 in which 88 speakers, including Nixon and Kennedy, discussed our stake in India's future.





A LANDMARK in the Calcutta area is the Howrah Bridge, shown in background. Two Indians in foreground are hauling a heavy load on a two-wheel cart. Photo by Eugene L. Parker.

#### End of Photo Joe

● Due to the lack of information on the early days in CBI, I thought I might send you an article that appeared in the CBI Roundup April 22, 1943. Of course there is always a build-up. Being a member of the 25th Fighter Squadron I was lucky enough to be able to see this feverish activity. Officers and enlisted men worked together on the project. The first problem was to prepare a P-40 for the job at hand. All unnecessary equipment was removed. After a complete strip-down it was found that a wax job helped by increasing the air speed considerably. Now all was ready and the waiting begins . . . the wait for Photo Joe. Being in the radio section I had a ringside seat to one of the best CBI shows up until this time. And here is the article from Roundup:

"ASSAM AIR BASE—Photo Joe has joined his dishonorable ancestors. No longer will he appear cockily over American bases in his high flying Jap reconnaissance plane and, using the same radio frequency, hurl choice invective at the fighter and bomber outfits more than 26,000 feet below. Lt. Charley T. Streit, of Newburg, N. Y., is the

pilot responsible for silencing forever the precious Jap photographer. Photo Joe came smugly over Assam accompanied by his usual barrage of swear words and clicking his camera. But this time his height failed to keep him inviolate. Streit piled into a P-40 specially stripped for the job, and was soon playing tag in the heavens with the Jap, who suddenly lost his air of smugness and tried frantically to escape. The third time was the charm for Streit. An accurate burst and Photo Joe came down in flames. Conversation between the Jap and the Assam lads would make one of the most entertaining feature stories of the war, but most of their remarks conflicted strongly with the morality code."

RICHMOND BAILEY,  
Mason, Mich.

#### 10th Air Force Hq.

● Keep those Roundups coming my way! It sure doesn't seem like 15 years ago when I left India; thanks to Roundup's help in keeping those startling memories alive. Wish someone could put me in touch with Henry Gilcrest of the old 10th Air Force HQ.

STANLEY J. KING,  
Omaha, Nebr.

#### 80th Fighter Group

● Served in the CBI theater from June 1943 to October 1945 with the 88th Fighter Squadron, 80th Fighter Group.

EARL M. McCORMACK,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### Hellgate Veteran

● Was a member of the Ledo Road vanguard opening up the first truck stop at a place aptly named "Hellgate." This is the first I have ever heard of your magazine . . . I came across it last evening by a rare coincidence. Do you have past issues available?

R. W. CASSIDY,  
St. Paul, Minn.

*Although we're completely sold out on some issues, many of them are still available. See list elsewhere in this issue.—Eds.*

#### Buffalo Goes Forward

● The fourth quarter of 1960 is evidence that the Buffalo Basha is in the forward motion concerning activities for the basha. Tentative plans are being made for the 1962 reunion that will be held in Buffalo for our national members. Some of the activities that have been planned by the committees of the basha are as follows: October 15, the basha held a Costume Ball and Dance to celebrate Halloween; Nov. 12, the basha had a showing of all the basha activities for 1960; December 4, the basha held the second annual Christmas Party for the basha children, a nice program was planned, and it was evident that everyone in attendance had a wonderful time. At each and every one of these activities it was evident that the basha is in the forward motion, with more and more members attending. Plan to visit Buffalo in 1962.

LOREN DUFFEE,  
Commander





**GUN SIGHTER** on one of the guns of the 38th Chinese Division, using the panoramic sight. This battery was trained by U. S. instructors in India, and then saw action in the Mogaung Valley of North Burma. Photo by Jack Jenkins.

#### Ready for India Tour

● Put me down on your list as a prospect for your world tour to India. I'd like to go back while I'm still able, and for the first time since the war I believe I could raise the necessary money. World conditions being what they are, this is something we shouldn't put off too long!

R. C. RODMAN,  
Phoenix, Ariz.

#### Iowa Spring Meeting

● For those who want to mark the calendar in advance, the spring meeting of Iowa CBI veterans has been set for Saturday, April 8, at Amana. CBIs from neighboring states are invited, of course.

HAROLD HAWK,  
Des Moines, Iowa

#### 330th Airdrome

● Was with the 330th Airdrome Squadron with the 10th Combat Cargo Squadron in India, the 86th Airdrome in Burma and China. I was a welder.

WILLIAM H. SUMMERS,  
Leavenworth, Kans.

#### Introductions Made

● Have had the pleasure of introducing your fine publication to several who were "out there" but had not heard of Ex-CBI Round-up. The articles and reprints are much appreciated.

LESLIE F. KIPP,  
Appleton, Wis.

ADAM G. CORBETT,  
Columbus, Ohio

#### Python Pictures

● The picture sent in by Don Tratchel (December issue) looks like one I took in 1944, and consequently lost when our outfit was flooded off and away from our area on the Tanai River at the 123.4 mile point of the Ledo Road. That particular snake, according to the diary that I kept the entire 31 months in the theater, was 14 feet long, 18 inches in girth and weighed 90 pounds. The python was shot on the banks of the Brangbram River, in the Hukawng Valley of Burma. Our outfit was the 24th Ord. Med. Maint. Co. The skin of the snake was nailed to a board for drying and curing. However, the combination of many bullet holes plus the fact that myriad insects got on it overnight while it was drying turned it into a smelly, partially disintegrated mess by the next morning. The original thought was to have something made of the leather; but as a matter of fact I remember we buried the whole rotten mess. Too bad, really; it was a beautiful skin.



**JUNK** on the Yangtze River. Note patches on sail. Photo by H. Wm. Seigle.





SILVER MERCHANTS on street at Kunming, China. Photo by Eugene Parker.

#### Queen City Elects

● Robert Burke, a former member of the 96th Signal Battalion, has been elected as the new commander of the Queen City Basha succeeding Dick Poppe who is now serving as national public relations officer. Also elected were James Curtis, senior vice commander; Robert Schenck, junior vice commander; William G. Eynon, adjutant-finance officer; Dick Poppe, public relations officer; and Burl Ratliff, provost marshal. All correspondence pertaining to the Queen City Basha should be sent to Robert Burke, 6590 Parrish Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio. January meeting of the basha will be held at the "Finneytown Inn," at North Bend and Winton Streets in the north section of Cincinnati, at 7:30 p.m. Saturday, January 14. Veterans in the Cincinnati area should send reservations to Robert Burke.

DICK POPPE,  
Loveland, Ohio

#### Softened by Time

● Enjoy every issue very much as it brings back memories of India, memories that have been softened by time; and at times, now, do not seem to have been so bad after all.

EDMOND J. LEPINE  
Malone, N. Y.

#### Still With Red Cross

● Was in original task force to India in March of 1942. My present job is with Red Cross chapters and the Home Service Department—our social welfare program for members of the Armed Forces and veterans, and their dependents.

BILLY TODD LAMBERT,  
Alexandria, Va.

#### Enjoyed First Year

● Have enjoyed my first year's subscription to EX-CBI Roundup very much. Through previous issues I have located several of the fellows that were in the First Provisional Tank Group with me in Burma. I hope to hear from more next year.

JOHN S. CLARK, JR.,  
Wilmington, N.C.

#### San Francisco Officers

● Officers of the General George W. Sliney Basha recently elected for the year are Victor Prella, commander; Herbert Stuart, vice commander; Jerry Moore, adjutant and chaplain; Mae Bissell, finance officer; Art Mulborn, provost marshal; and George Chan, sergeant at arms. The basha was recently granted the authority to use the San Francisco Veterans Memorial Building for its activities.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,  
San Francisco, Calif.



WATCHING Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek as he autographs a portrait are Maj. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault (left), Commanding General of the 14th Air Force, and Maj. Gen. Gilbert X. Cheves, Commanding General of the Services of Supply in China. U. S. Army photo.



## Commander's Message

by

**Manly V. Keith**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



### Sahibs and Memsahibs:

It seems like the Milwaukee people certainly have a lot of influence on the weather man since the sun shone beautifully during the Board Meeting in that fair city. Something of a record was set in attendance, and I am happy to report 24 members of our organization attended the business meeting.

The Americanism Committee was appointed consisting of Father Glavin, Chairman; Les Dencker; Edward Stipes; Bill Ziegler and Ellsworth Green. They have been assigned the duty of looking into various types of programs which the C. B. I. V. A. may adopt for the furtherance of the cause of Americanism.

We were delighted to present a Chapter to a newly formed Basha in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Russell Higgins and LeRoy Anderson were instrumental in the organization of this group along with the help of some of the Milwaukee Basha members. The new Basha is to be called the Lt. Jack Knight Basha. LeRoy Anderson tells me that Lt. Jack Knight was the only man in the C. B. I. to win the Congressional Medal of Honor as Commanding Officer of "F" Troop, Second Squadron, 124th Cavalry. He was from Mineral Wells, TEXAS, and the story of his service in C. B. I. is contained in the book, "Marsmen in Burma," written by John Randolph.

The Award of Merit Committee was appointed consisting of Phil Packard,

*This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.*  
—Eds.

Chairman; Bill Ziegler, Les Dencker and Gene Brauer. The report on the San Francisco Reunion indicates that plans are progressing and we hope all of you are making plans to attend. We are looking forward to our Spring Board Meeting in San Francisco. We will give you a more detailed report on the Reunion after that meeting.

Bob and Mickey Doucette had a nice party at their home for us on Friday night and Leo and Dorothy Meranda had an enjoyable cocktail party Saturday evening and we all went together to a restaurant downtown for dinner. We had lunch at the Elks Club Saturday noon. The ladies attended the social affairs, so this Board Meeting turned out to be a miniature reunion.

While the Milwaukee Basha was playing host to the Board Meeting other Bashas throughout the country were observing Veterans Day in various ways. The Wm. Bates McDonald Basha of Houston took part in the Veterans Day parade and Basha guests for the occasion were World War II Ace Gregory "Pappy" Boyington and his lovely wife, Dee Tatum. Those who participated in the parade were entertained later at a cocktail party at the home of Robert and Mildred Nesmith.

To me, this is a most heart warming experience. Hearing from the enthusiastic C. B. I. people from all over the country, and answering their letters is quite a chore, but it is certainly worth it to be able to see first hand the growth of this wonderful organization.

Salaams,  
MANLY V. KEITH,  
National Commander  
4143 Wynona St.,  
Houston, Texas

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STREET SCENE in Calcutta. According to the sign, Central Stores in center of picture specializes in "genuine hygienic rubber goods." Photo by Joel H. Springer, Jr.

#### Mahoning Valley

● The Mahoning Valley Basha held their annual election at the Route 18 restaurant in Youngstown, Ohio, on November 22, with the following results: Commander, Joseph T. Nivert, Youngstown, Ohio; senior vice commander, Amelio Catelani, New Castle, Pa.; junior vice commander, Robert Zimmerman, E. Palestine, Ohio; provost marshal, James DeChristfero, Niles, Ohio; adjutant-finance, Warren Farrell, Youngstown, Ohio; historian and recording secretary, Ethel G. Yavorsky, Youngstown, Ohio; service officer, Harry Barbarini, Niles, Ohio; chaplain, Frank Breyer, Dover, Ohio. Dinner was served to all in attendance, with a card party following, plus prizes for high and low score given to the winners. Also held was a "Silent Auction" for the benefit of our Christmas Party, Dec. 17.

ETHEL G. YAVORSKY,  
Youngstown, Ohio

#### Stationed at Chabua

● Spent 2½ years in India, most of it at 1333rd AAF Base Unit, Chabua.

JOSEPH W. HALL,  
Rochester, N. Y.

#### Ships to CBI

● Your new feature, "Ships on the CBI Run," should be an interesting one. I went over by plane and came back by ship... after 15 years I can't for the life of me remember the name of the tub! Will be watching to see if I can recognize it... if and when somebody sends you a picture of it.

CHARLES RATCHER,  
Omaha, Nebr.

#### Reception Planned

● CBIVA National Commander Manly Keith is planning on visiting San Francisco Jan. 20-21-22, 1961, in connection with planning of the 1961 reunion. On Friday evening the General George W. Sliney Basha officers and others interested in the reunion activities are planning a Chinese dinner for the Keiths, in Chinatown's finest fashion. On Saturday the reunion committee will meet at the Palace Hotel with Keith and go over the reunion plans. On Saturday evening, Jan. 21, the basha will have dinner and reception for the National Commander and his party at the Presidio Officers Club Anza Room. All Ex-CBI personnel in the Bay Area are invited to attend this event, along with their ladies. These in the East Bay area may obtain further information by contacting Commander Victor Prella, 615 Central, Alameda, or Mae Bissell, 6449 Benvenue Ave., Oakland. In San Francisco contact Jerry Moore, 1235 Diamond St., or Ray Kirkpatrick, 293 Pope St.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,  
San Francisco, Calif.



FIRST CONVOY over the Ledo-Burma Road above Mitu Valley. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M. D.



# LUCKY ELEPHANT BEAN!

REMEMBER A FEW years ago, we offered those curious little beans containing 12 ivory elephants? We sold hundreds to Roundup readers, and (perish the thought!) returned many hundreds of dollars in unfilled orders because we could get no more.

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